

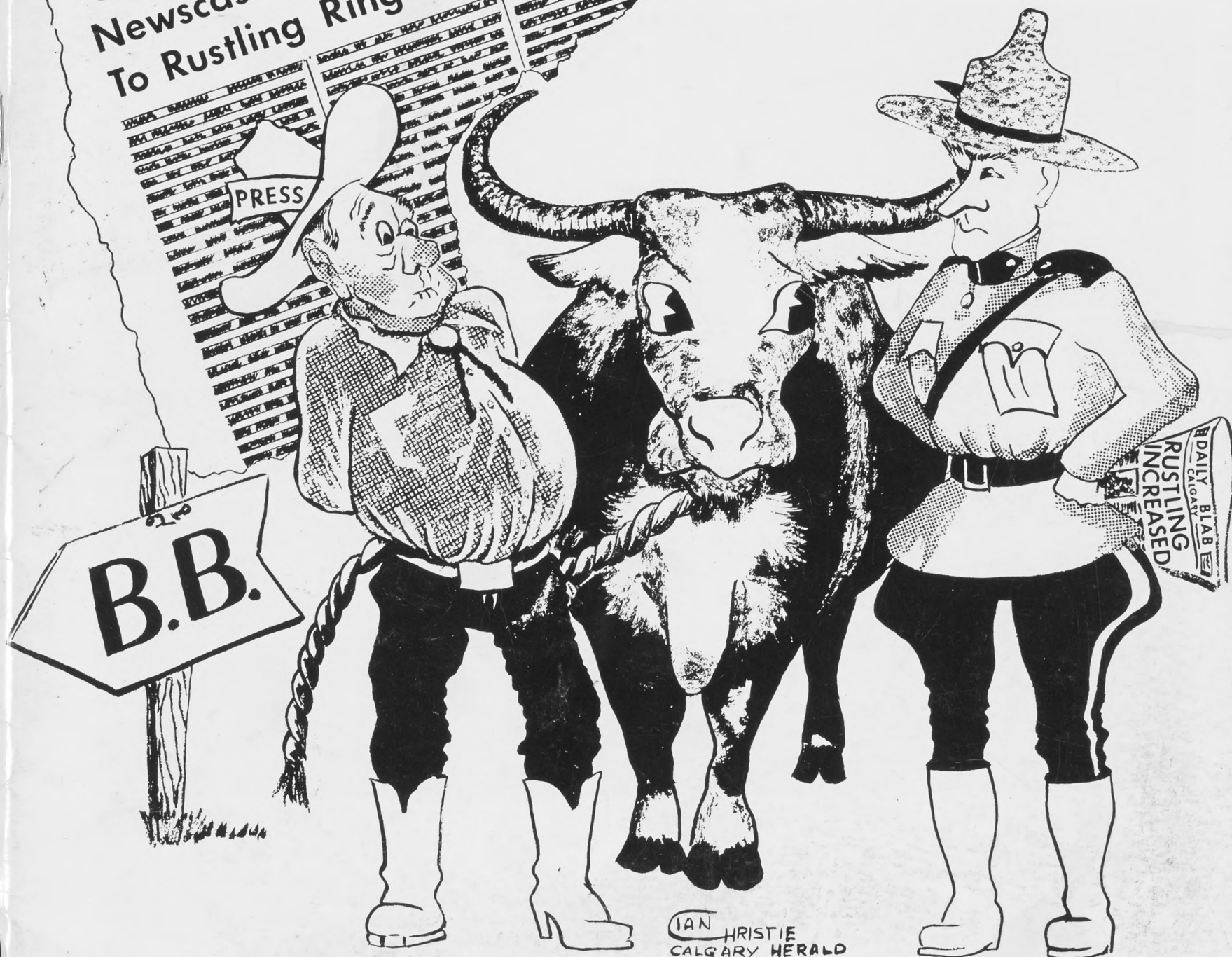
PAGE 21 SAT., JULY 5, 1969

# NINE-TIME LOSER CAUGHT AGAIN -

## Newscast Tips Off Mounties To Rustling Ring in Newspaper

PM sees  
No Invite  
to BB as  
Insult.....

9th  
1969



**THE NINTH**

# ANNUAL B&B

**SATURDAY JULY 5th, 1969**

# ***WHEN YOU NEED NEWS, PUT THE BITE ON HUSKY! News-makers in...***



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M C V



## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The Calgary Press Club has just chalked up another banner year in its short, and sometimes stormy, history. It was only ten years, and a handful of days ago, that a group of interested Calgary newsmen gathered in the old Braemar Lodge—or some such-now departed institution—and formulated plans for the Calgary Press Club.

Since that day innumerable events—some sad, others happy—have contributed to our history.

Despite the troubles and disappointments, the Press Club has always been blessed by its people, and in particular, those people who offered the leadership to keep going. Too many names have marched through the annals to begin name-dropping here, but sincere thanks are in order.

Last year marked another highlight. We opened our new clubrooms on 7th Ave. S.W. in mid-April, 1968. A crash membership drive produced over 500 card-carrying faithfuls.

The responsibility of operating a business, that should gross in the neighborhood of \$50,000 per annum, fell squarely into the laps of 12 people—your directors. We have had an interesting year. Problems never seem to end. Solutions come slower.

The club is in a reasonable position financially. It is the opinion of the Board of Directors that the club should never operate heavily in the black. We appeal to members because our prices are modest. The modest prices are maintained because, contrary to normal restaurant-bar operations, a profit is not sought.

But in order to maintain this delicate balance we need people . . . people who will join the club, and people who will fraternize there.

Our plans for the future are broadly defined, and flexible enough to allow us to seize any opportunity for expansion. The lease agreement we have with Alberta Government Telephones is a year-by-year contract. AGT representatives have assured us that our tenancy is secure for another year, and likely, two.

It is, however, inevitable, that within the next 30 months we will be forced to find new premises. It is the wish of the Board of Directors that this move be made without an interruption in service. Therefore we appeal to all members to offer suggestions regarding new premises.

Many changes in the operational techniques of the present club have been made since that grand opening week. Some are evident, others not so obvious, but it is abundantly clear that changes are rarely for the bad. Again, we appeal for assistance from you—send your suggestions to the Board.

We mentioned earlier that people are the backbone of success at the Press Club. Membership re-applications have not been coming in at the rate we anticipated and require. Many people who have not renewed are still using the club. This is costing you, the paid-up member, money. We require the revenue from memberships to keep our prices down. Low membership will mean an upward adjustment in prices.

If you have not renewed, or if you wish to apply for a new membership, contact any member of the Board, or leave your name at the club now.

Another area where people play a large role is on the Board of Directors. Dedication and hard work is required. The rewards are intangible. Re-election of officers comes up this fall . . . if you can serve, please tell us.



### LIFE MEMBER

W. O. "Bill" Mitchell, High River

### REG VICKERS

### OFFICERS

President \_\_\_\_\_ Jim Knowler  
Secretary \_\_\_\_\_ Susan Stewart  
Treasury \_\_\_\_\_ Joe Trickey

### DIRECTORS

Gordon Milligan, Ralph Klein, Jack Fleming, Dick Wilson, Randy Hill, Wendel Wilks, Earl Olsen, Dorothy Allen Gray, and Bill Musselwhite.

### DOUBLE "B" COMMITTEE

Chairman \_\_\_\_\_ Earl Olsen  
Vice-Chairman \_\_\_\_\_ Paul Hubbard

### Double "B" Annual:

Advertising \_\_\_\_\_ Julie-Ann Farkas  
Production \_\_\_\_\_ Jim Logan  
Editorial \_\_\_\_\_ Bill Musselwhite  
Cover Design \_\_\_\_\_ Ian Christie  
Photography \_\_\_\_\_ Randy Hill

### DOUBLE "B" COMMITTEE

Earl Olson, Paul Hubbard, Joe Trickey, Fred Diehel, Larry Gilchrist, Tom Mathieson, Randy Hill, Don Thomas, Julie-Ann Farkas, and Jimmy Logan.

### MEDIEVAL COVERAGE METHODS

Journalists covering the investiture of Prince Charles as Prince of Wales July 1, had to resort to a medieval method to get their copy out of 13th century Caernarvon Castle during the ceremony.

They had to put their stories in a leather pouch which was then lowered from the battlements to a messenger waiting outside.

The reason: No one was allowed out of the castle during the five-hour ceremony.

The rule was laid down for security reasons and because it was not feasible to install telephone lines in the press boxes on the castle battlements.

presidents message continued

And now to the Double-B.

This event has become a traditional institution in both the life of the Press Club, and the whirlwind of Stampede. Each year, it provides 700 or 800 people with a night they are not too soon to forget.

Each of you have come tonight because you either attended before, or the hearsay has been too much. Welcome on behalf of Earl Olson and his Double-B committee. Have fun, drink and eat heartily and be careful driving home.

And one last word: the Double-B is not the only Press Club—sponsored event during Stampede. Last year we hired Ernie Castle and his band for lunch-hour dancing. It was a smashing success, and we have decided not to break up a winning act.

So each day at noon at the club, right through until the end of next week, Ernie and his group will be back . . . it makes for the longest lunch of the year.

# GREETINGS FROM THE V.I.P.'S



As Mayor of Calgary, I would like to extend the best wishes of City Council and the Board of Commissioners to the Calgary Press Club as it celebrates its tenth anniversary by holding its ninth annual Double-B Barbeque.

We hope both the Calgarians and visitors attending this event are enjoying Stampede Week as well as the barbeque's entertainment and good food.

Have a good time tonight and a painless morning tomorrow.

Jack Leslie  
Mayor of Calgary



A message from Lt. Gov. Grant MacEwan

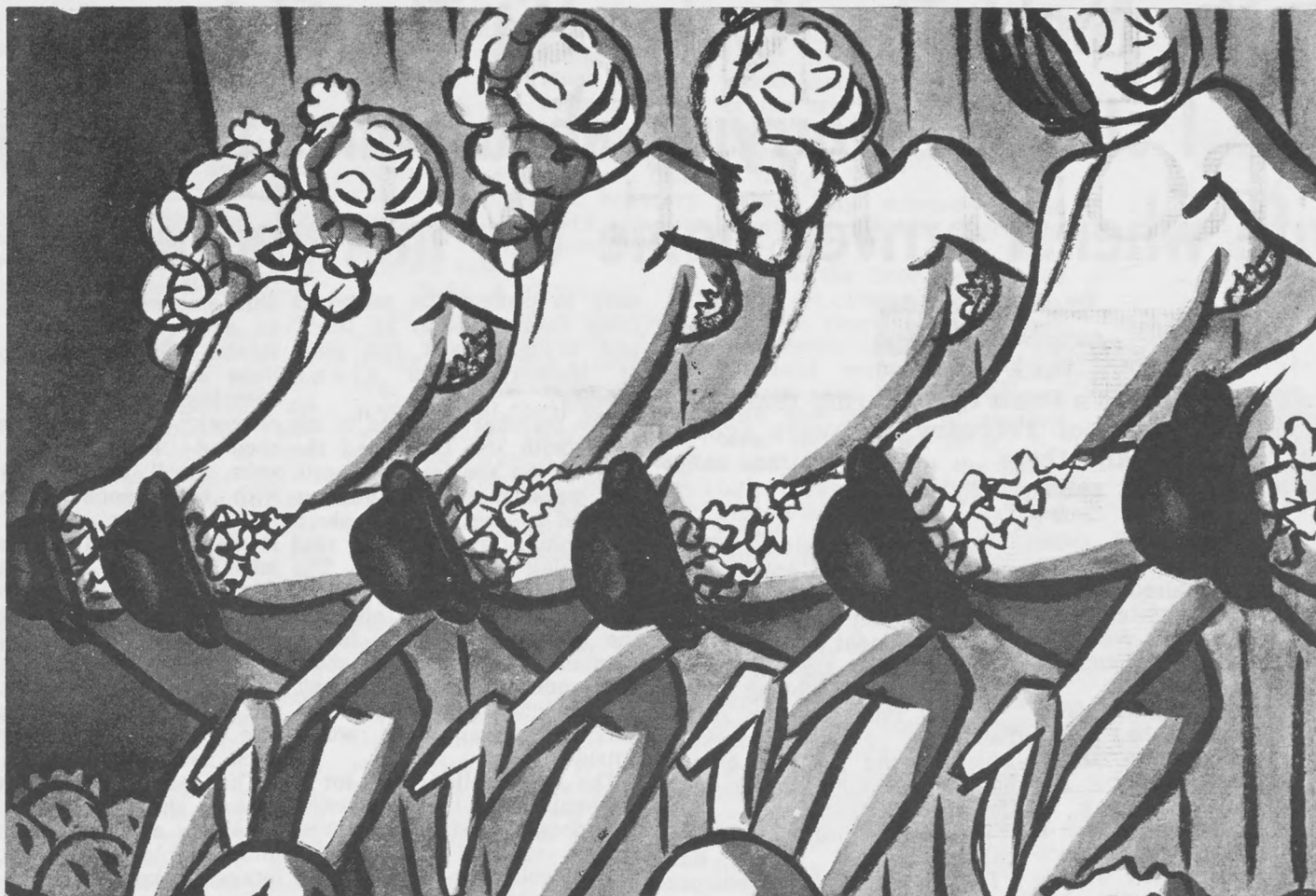
My best wishes to members of the Calgary press Corps. I'm happy to think that I can call many of them by their first names and have found them vigorous and refreshing. If I am unable to attend the barbeque I know my misfortune will be a great one. Anything the members of the press undertake in the realm of fun is sure to be worthy of a place in history. Good luck to all.



## **PREMIER STROM**

May I extend to all members of the Calgary Press Club my personal greetings. I trust that your stampede barbeque will be an occasion for traditional Calgary hospitality and good times. The role of the politician and of the press often appear to be in conflict. In the democratic process it is necessary that there be a healthy tension between those who make policy and those who must interpret and report to the citizens but in other ways we must co-operate in obtaining similar objectives: solid policies to meet our needs. Perhaps one brief admonition would be permitted. For today, at least, I hope you will devote more time to barbequing beef and less to roasting politicians.





*COME AND JOIN THE FUN AT CALGARY'S OWN*

**The Gasthaus**  
DINING LOUNGE



**ANOTHER SCOOP  
FOR THE  
NORTH HILL NEWS  
Calgary's brightest  
Bar None**



To hell with your medals sweetie,  
I want a fur coat

from *Renfrew*

FURS

LADIES WEAR

SEVENTH AVENUE WEST AT CENTRE STREET, CALGARY, ALBERTA

# The Night The Hooker Hit The Club or-- How I stopped worrying about what to tell my wife when I arrived home the morning after...

By Brodie Snyder  
(Montreal Gazette)

In the Montreal Men's Press Club, during that dark, cold, gloomy month of February six years ago, it was a night like all others . . . same time, same place, same people, same everything.

Consider, if you will, these scenes:

- The grey-haired, grey-mustached, grey-tempered evening newspaper overnight editor asleep on a couch in the television room.

- The tiny, angry Irish freelance broadcaster arguing vigorously with the large, ugly deskman from The Gazette.

- The usual collection of shirt-sleeved, strike-it-rich boys wearing out their wallets and their minds in the Las Vegas Room.

- The two public relations men talking with their mouths full and complaining bitterly about the quality of the free cheese.

## UNTIL A MEMBER CAME IN WITH A LADY!

They made their entrance almost unnoticed, coming quietly along the corridor past the telephones and slipping into seats at a corner table at the far end of the club, bothering no one and seemingly content to be alone. They were given a passing glance or two by the other inmates and no more.

What the inmates saw was this:

(1) An attractive enough lady, wearing a scarlet dress that was slit to the thigh and was cut off the shoulders to display an unbelievable amount of décolletage; smoky nylon stockings that seemed to end considerably below where her legs did; a white lace stole thrown carelessly over her bare shoulders and not interfering at all with the unbelievable amount of décolletage; fingers with scarlet nails holding a long, black cigaret holder; jet black hair falling over bare shoulders but not covering the unbelievable amount of décolletage; moist, red lips slightly parted; and a wide, black belt around the waist that was the southern border of the unbelievable amount of décolletage; and

(2) A member who was

- The past-president allowing himself to be provoked in a discussion with the steward.

- The other steward eating a smoked meat sandwich and reading the stock market quotations and sobbing.

- The four morning newspapermen playing knockout whist around the end of the bar and blocking all access to the beer refrigerator.

- The honorary member calling people things like "Tomato cans" in a whisper that could hardly be heard at the other end of Dominion Square.

## Enter A Lady

In the Montreal Men's Press Club, then, it was a night like all others . . . until . . .

dreadfully drunk.

Well, everyone agreed as they turned back to what they were doing that it certainly was nice to see someone who took an interest in the club and brought a lady in a scarlet dress with an unbelievable amount of décolletage (although some phrased it rather more earthily than that.)

The first inkling that there might be more to this than met the staring eyes came when the member in question approached the bar—zigging and zagging as if on an Olympic slalom course—to sign in the lady in the guest book.

## Key To The Room

Concentrating ferociously and writing laboriously, he produced the words "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith" and then stood waiting. When the steward, wiping mustard from the corner of his mouth, came to take his order, the member muttered something about "the key to the room." The steward started to laugh, and the member caught himself, apparently remembering something, and changed the order to a double Remi Martin and a magnum of Mumms.

The steward snapped to attention and made a short speech which ended with the words "It is the stewards'

duty to protect the members from themselves at all time" and brought back two pints of Molson's (with clean glasses).

The member returned to his table with the beer, and the lady in the scarlet dress with the unbelievable décolletage seemed to question him about something. The member said something short and rude. The lady hit him with her purse. The member stood, clutched the back of a chair for a moment, said the same short and rude phrase again, and then lurched off down the corridor toward the world outside.

The lady settled back for a moment and then adjusted her dress, giving an even clearer view of the unbelievable décolletage. She looked calmly about the premises, taking in the obvious opulence of the furnishings and the obvious breeding and taste of the occupants.

She thought for a moment and then called the steward. They had a brief, low-voiced discussion and then the steward was seen to shake his head and heard to say: "No, ma'am, we can't give refunds on beer that already has been opened." The lady sat back, looked down into the unbelievable décolletage, and then drank the beer.

## No Means Of Support

The steward, meanwhile, had returned to the smoked meat and the stock market, pausing only long enough to tell the tiny, angry Irish freelance broadcaster that he thought there was a lady-of-no-visual-means-of-support in the club and that getting rid of her might prove something of a problem.

"YOU MEAN THERE'S A HOOKER IN THE JOINT?" screamed the tiny, angry Irish freelance broadcaster, shattering the light bulb over the entrance to Le Bon Vivant, 89 feet and six inches away.

At this point, several things happened . . .

The grey-haired, grey-mustached, grey-tempered evening newspaper overnight editor awoke with a start, crying "Where? Where?" The large, ugly deskman from The Gazette swept the tiny, angry Irish freelance broadcaster aside with a sweep of his smoking (a cigaret) hand.

Shirt-sleeved gentlemen poured out of the Las Vegas Room. The two public relations men gagged on their complaints (and the free cheese). The past-president shouted "Provoke me! Provoke me!" and the steward with him knocked over the water pitcher. The other steward dropped his smoked meat and his stock market quotations and forgot to sob. The four morning newspapermen broke up the knockout whist game and with nothing to hold it in place, the door fell off the beer refrigerator. The honorary member, for once, was silent.

The lady in the scarlet dress, shrugging her bare shoulders and emphasizing the unbelievable amount of décolletage, looked about the room with an appraising glance.

"Hello," she said to no one in particular and to everyone, "Hello. all you beautiful men."

## Call In The EMO

At this point, there was considerable jockeying for position and it is difficult to report with total accuracy on the moments of confusion which followed. However, based on sworn testimony from members of the Red Cross and the Emergency Measures Organization, who performed yeoman service in the disaster area, this is the picture which emerges:

There were four separate major fights and at least seven others classed as "skirmishes"; five pairs of eye-glasses (four normal and one tinted) were broken; seven drinks (all bought for the lady) were spilled; four languages were cursed in; one table was overturned; three chairs were smashed; one set of fingers was stepped on;

Three Diners' Club, two Carte Blanche, two Playboy, one American Express, one Bell Telephone Co. and one Colonial Steam Bath and Massage Parlour credit cards were flashed; the knockout whist players decided to take a quarter from each pot and set up what they crudely called a "Booze for the Broad" Fund; the Las Vegas boys decided to make that a dollar a pot;

The screen of the television set was shattered; the picture of the Queen and Prince



Philip fell off the wall (and landed face down); the toilet in the ladies' lounge overflowed; someone took the rug off the floor (he said for dancing) and folded it into the approximate shape and thickness of a mattress (he didn't say what for); and the stewards screamed for order and were shouted down by the chairman of the House Committee.

#### She Saved The Day

In fact, according to the Red Cross and EMO, the lady in the scarlet dress with the unbelievable decolletage, saved the day. Just when it seemed that things might get a little out of hand, she stopped it all with just three words.

"One hundred dollars," she said.

The grey-haired, grey-mustached, grey tempered evening newspaper overnight editor went back to his couch (alone). The tiny, angry Irish freelance broadcaster and the large, ugly deskman from The Gazette resumed their argument. The shirt-sleeved gentlemen poured back into the Las Vegas Room. The two public relations men filled their mouths with free cheese and started complaining. The past-president went back to being provoked by the stew-

ard. The other steward went back to the smoked meat sandwich, the stock market quotations and sobbing. The four morning newspapermen put the door back on the beer refrigerator and resumed their knockout whist. The honorary member went back to his corner, calling someone a "tomato can."

#### Take A Collection

The lady in the scarlet dress with the unbelievable decolletage, left alone, began to cry. The occupants of the premises fell silent and looked at each other sheepishly. Finally, the large, ugly deskman from The Gazette suggested: "Why don't we take up a collection?" Asked the tiny, angry Irish freelance broadcaster: "Who gets to give it to her?" Answered the large, ugly deskman from The Gazette: "I'll flip you for the chic."

It didn't quite come to that.

The collection amounted to three quarters, two dimes, seven nickels and 39 pennies, two slugs, a Vote-for-Diefenbaker button, two Metrecal wafers, one white poker chip, a round band-aid, an Alka-Seltzer tablet, and a small, round piece of rye bread with a few strands of smoked meat still clinging to it.

The large, ugly deskman from The Gazette took the whole handful over to the lady in the scarlet dress with the unbelievable decolletage. "Here, honey," he said. "This is for you."

The lady stopped crying, counted the money, threw the slugs and the white poker chip on the floor, put on the Vote-for-Diefenbaker button, put the round band-aid over her beauty spot, and ate the Metrecal wafers, the Alka-Seltzer and the rye bread with the strands of smoked meat still clinging to it.

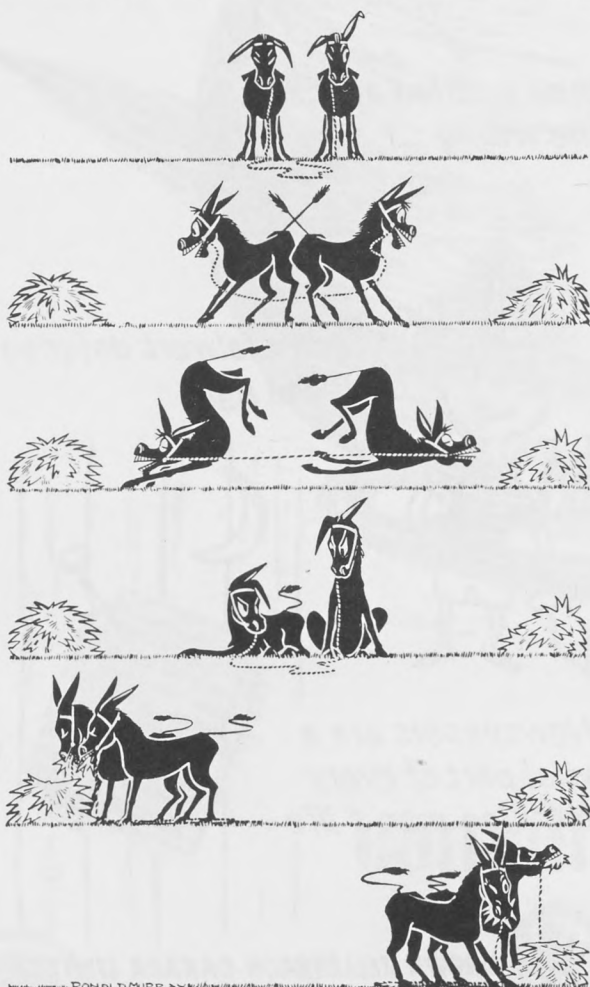
She looked up at the large, ugly deskman from The Gazette in a belligerent way, and asked: "Just what do you think all that's going to buy you?"

"Nothing," he said. "It's for you. Take a taxi home."

The lady in scarlet glanced at him unbelievably, and then smiled warmly. "Thank you," she said, sincerely, adjusting her white lace stole to protect the unbelievable decolletage against the February cold. "Thanks for the money."

The large, ugly deskman from The Gazette grinned.

"Thank you," he said, chuckling, glancing at the stole. "Thanks for the mam-



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anniversary celebrations.

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Canada's First Bank



*The grandeur of Nature*

*The wonders of  
science*

*The minds of  
dedicated men*

*combine to create newspapers*

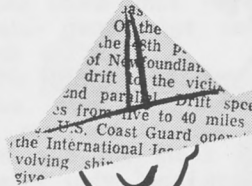


*that fire men's minds,*



*with their  
worldwide  
coverage*

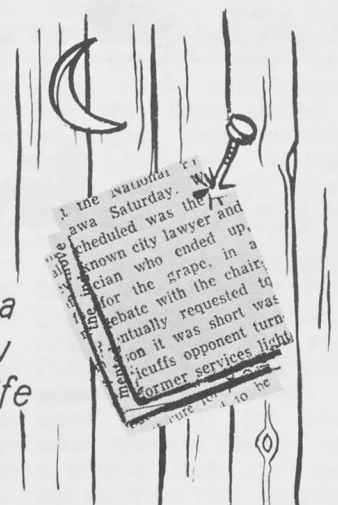
*their pointed attacks on  
the wrong*



*their stalwart defense  
of the right*



*Newspapers are a  
vital part of every  
thinking man's life*



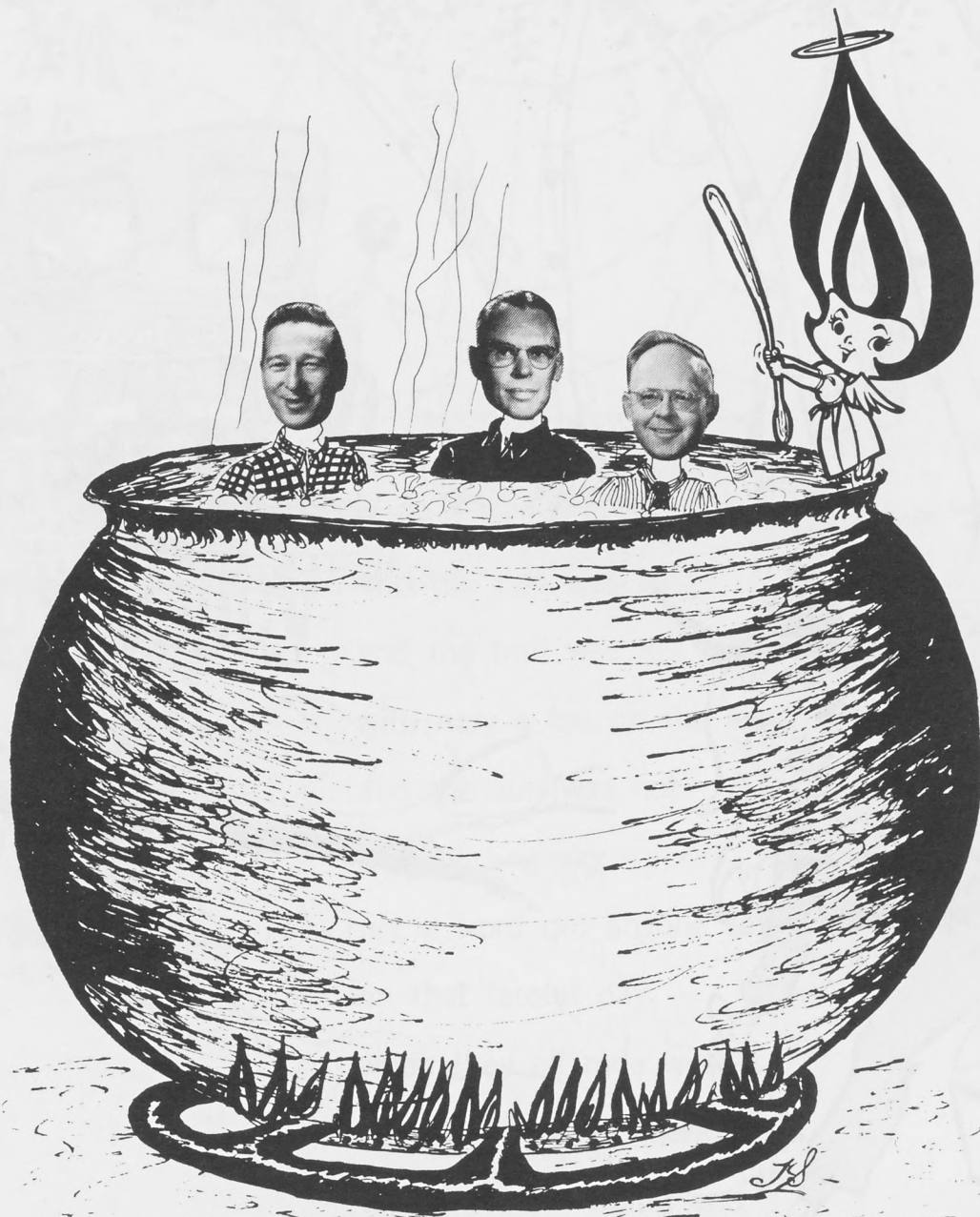
**CROWN ZELLERBACH CANADA LIMITED**

LUMBER/PLYWOOD/NEWSPRINT/PAPER/PULP/PACKAGING

1030 WEST GEORGIA ST., VANCOUVER 5, B.C.



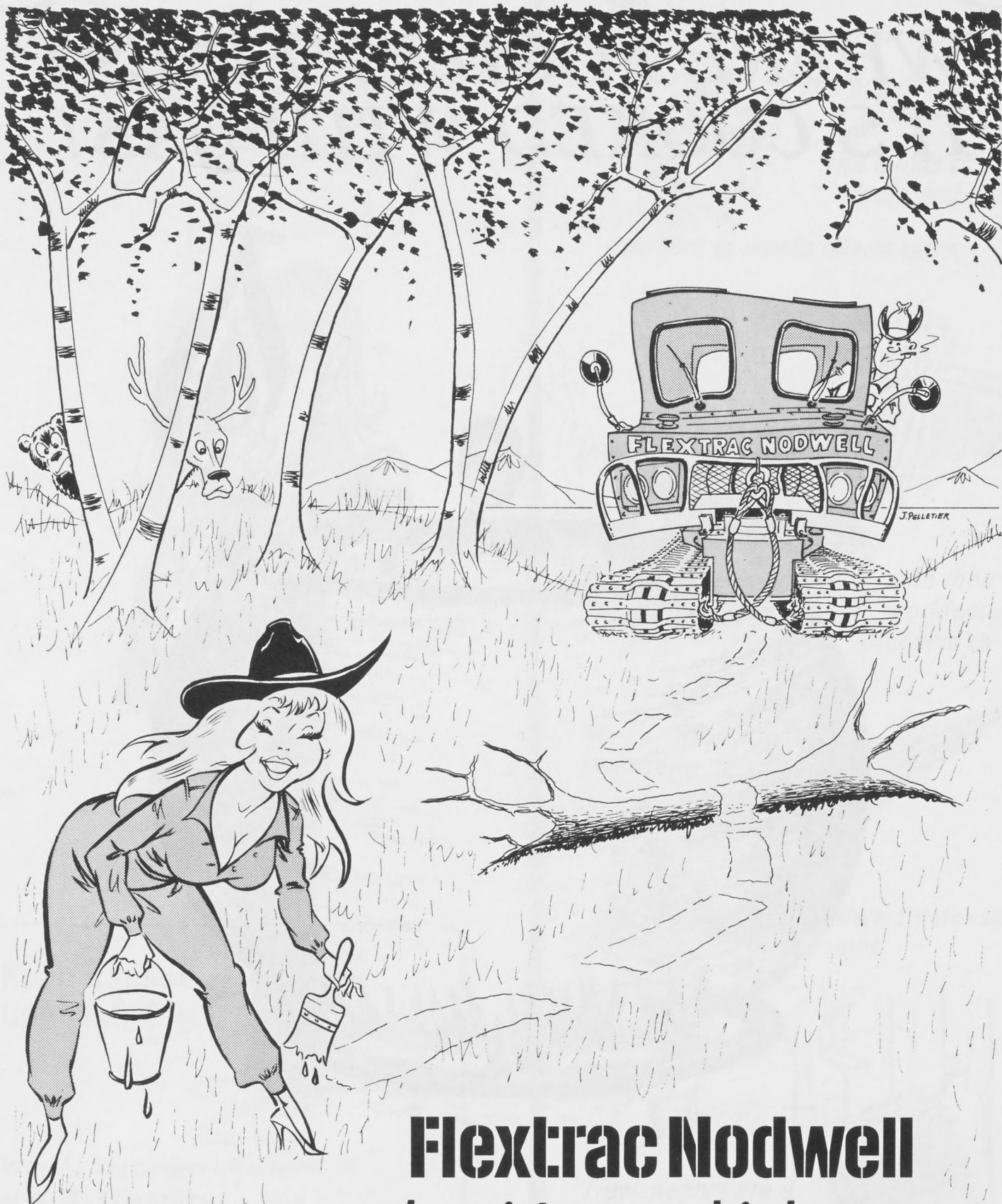
*WHERE FOOD IS FINEST  
IT'S COOKED WITH GAS!*



canadian western



natural gas  
company limited



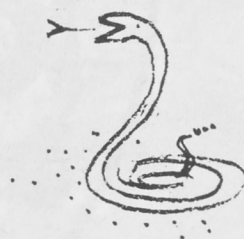
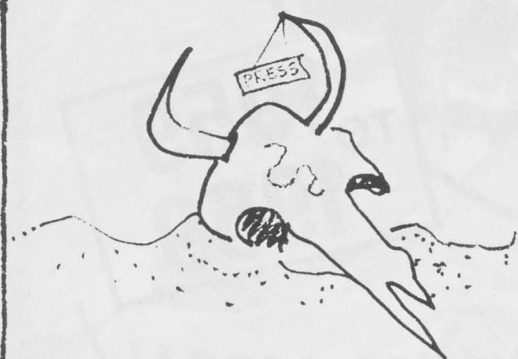
**Flextrac Nodwell**  
**makes it's own highway**





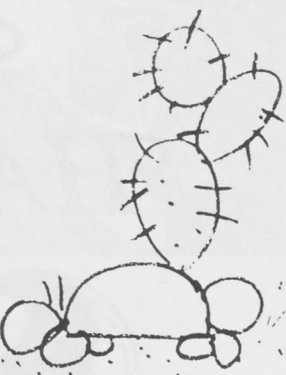
# The Saga of Happy Valley

and the ride was long  
and the trail was dry  
with nary a bar on the way,  
and the sun was hot  
in a blazing sky -  
not a word did anyone say  
on that fateful day -  
when they all rode west  
ev'ry last man of them knew  
that his thirst would end  
and his soul would rest  
at the Press Club Barbecue.



CALGARY BREWING & MALTING CO. LTD.

## Three Cheers from the



# *Congratulations to The CALGARY PRESS CLUB*



**10<sup>TH</sup>**  
ANNIVERSARY

TO **1959**  
**1969**

*RECKON AS HOW YOU'LL NEED A BIGGER CORRAL!*

*Best wishes for a  
HAPPY WHOOP-UP*



**SAFEWAY**



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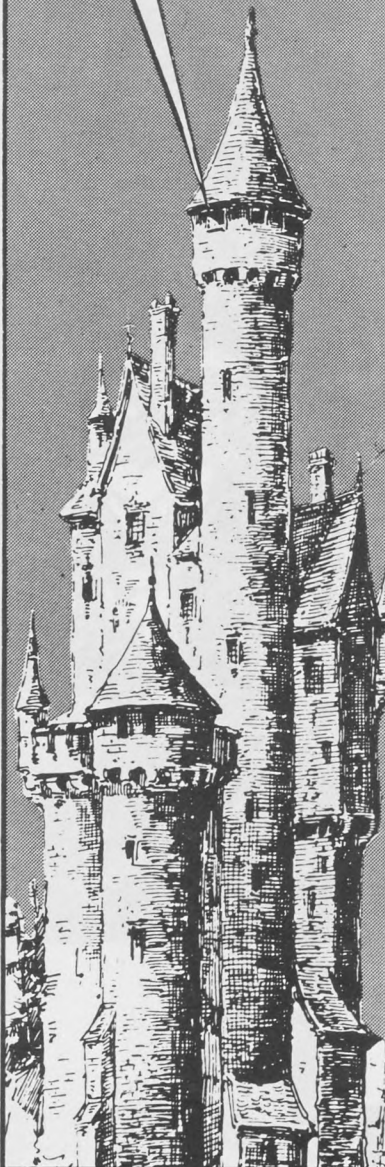


# THE CALGARY HERALD

# WHEN WOMEN WIELD THE WHEELS

by ERIC NICOL

Y' SEE  
RAPUNZEL-  
I TOLD YOU  
PARAGON  
WOULD HAVE  
"A PLACE  
FOR YOU"



 PARAGON  
245-5571

The latest analysis of traffic accidents shows women to be safer drivers than men. And it's true. Women are safer drivers than men. They are not as good drivers as men. But they are safer. They are so safe they drive men straight up the wall.

A woman not only drives defensively, she drives retroactively. Behind the wheel a woman shows the vast amount of undirected caution of a person who has yet to make up her mind what she is going to do and doesn't really expect to until she has done it.



Just the other day I saw a car driven by a woman collide with another vehicle. The second car was parked, parallel to the sidewalk, and unoccupied at the time. Yet some sixth sense told the woman driver to head into the parked car. When the owner of the parked car — another woman — appeared on the scene, the two women compared notes with the calmness of safe drivers who know that it is safer to hit a parked, unoccupied car than to take on one that is in motion.



The only person on the scene waving his arms in frantic outrage was a man. He was just a witness. No skin off his bumper. But he displayed the typical male impetuosity that leads to serious accidents.

It is also triggered by the safe technique women drivers use in turning a corner. When the woman driver in front of you draws over to the left you may think that she is turning in that direction. Wrong. She is turning right, allowing herself plenty of room for the swing of 90 degrees, a manoeuvre of large and majestic dimension rather like the Queen Mary docking at Pier 90 in New York.



Another type of safe woman driver — distracting only to the irresponsible other sex — is the curb-hugger, the lady whose apprehension of the main stream of traffic persuades her, when approached from behind, to take the wary course of slowing down and pulling close to the curb. In busy traffic the curb-hugger pops in and out from sanctuary like a security-conscious rabbit. Completely harmless except to those she forces into the oncoming torrent.

Up to now I have been talking only of the matronly woman driver, the type whose bearing of children has made her acutely aware that life is not come by easily and should be preserved even though her vehicle must be stopped dead in the middle of an intersection.



Another large group of safe women drivers comprises younger, single women who drive small cars, particularly sports cars, with the bravura that they believe equates them to men. What makes this woman driver safe is that nobody has told her that her muffler is shot. Men drivers get out of her way under the impression that they are being overtaken by a squadron of Centurion tanks.

Men drivers consider it beneath their dignity to race with cars driven by women. I myself always pull well over to let a woman pass, even at legal speeds. In fact I'd like to see a divided highway marked His and Hearse.

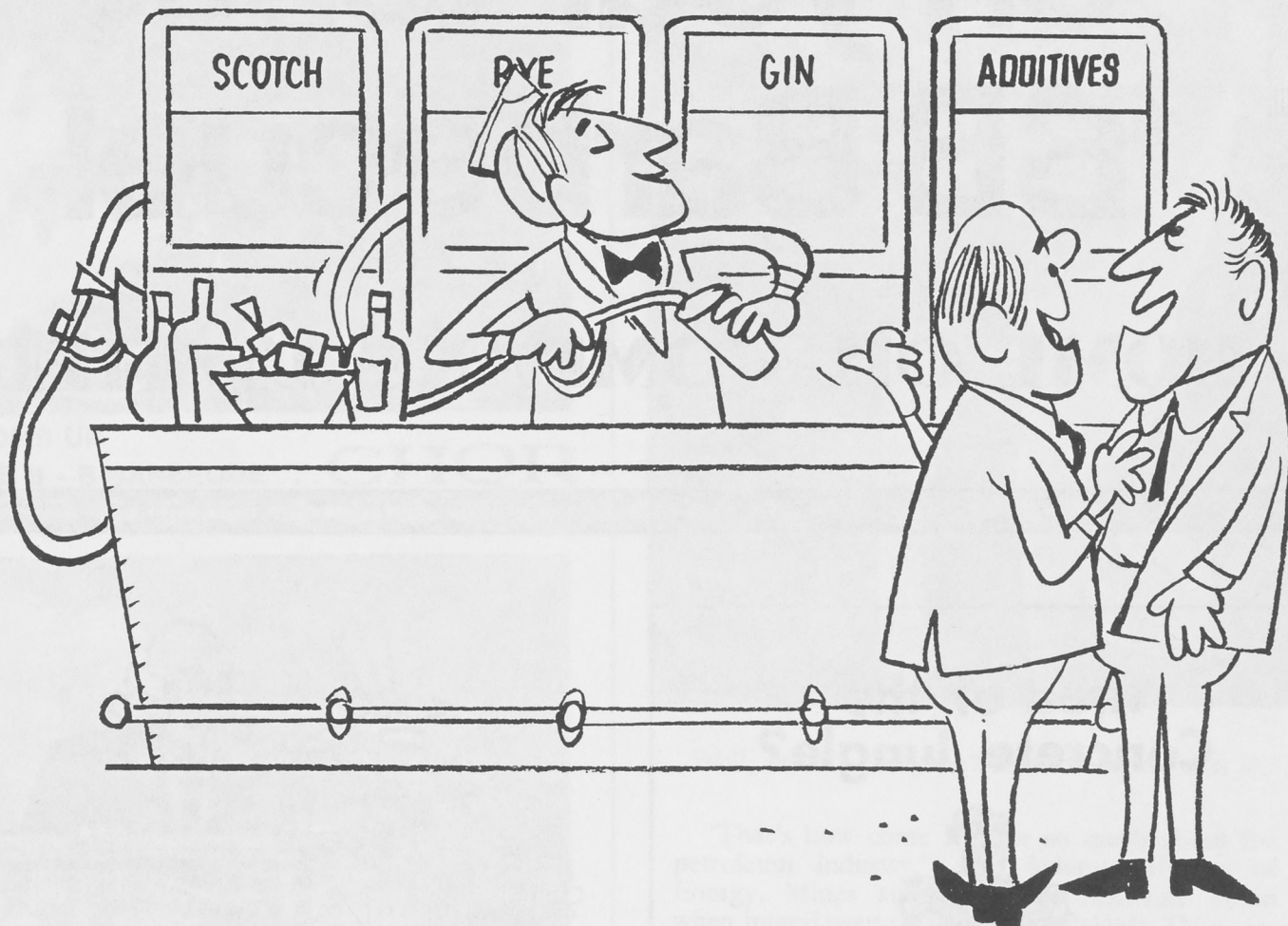
Men drivers are the ones who take the chances on the highway. They take the chance of getting behind a woman driver. A woman driver is never disturbed by blasts on the horn. She knows that, as a safe driver, she has statistics behind her. And nobody ever saw a statistic blow its top.





# HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

CALGARY  
PRESS CLUB



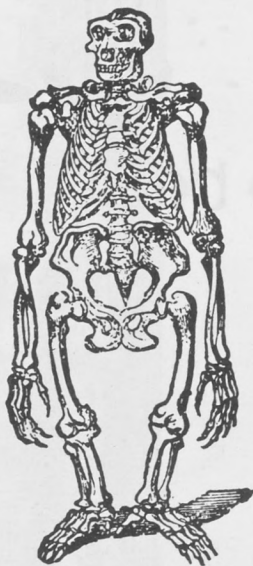
"looks like it's going to be a  
great party."

Best wishes from Texaco

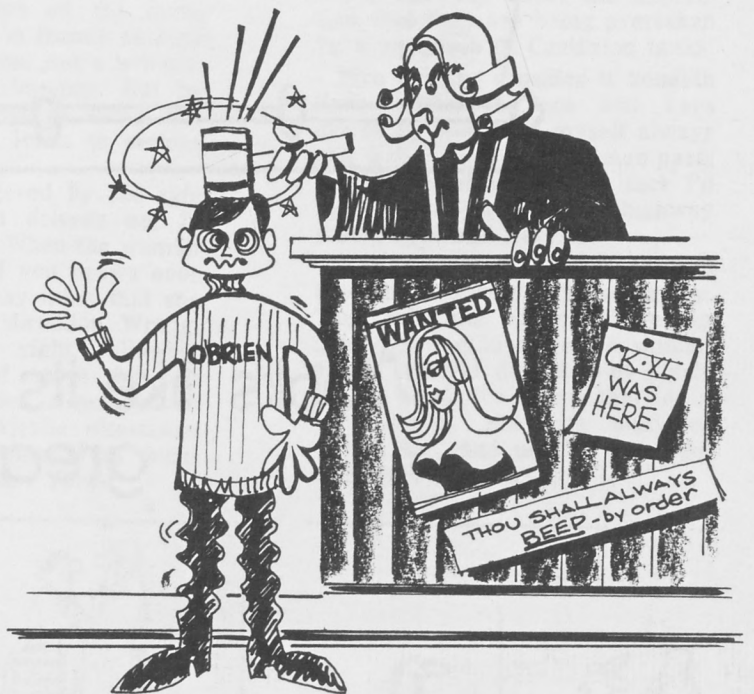
# Congratulations on your tenth 'BB Barbecue!

HOME OIL COMPANY LIMITED

tired of the  
Concrete Jungle?



Rest your weary bones  
in an  
*Engineered Home!*



Michael had a little show  
That really was the fudge  
One day he left his "Beep at home"  
Oh Boy! - here come de Judge

**CK·XL 1140**





BOTTOMS UP  
TO THE B - B BARBEQUE . . . **CHQR**



VERY INTERESTING . . .  
BUT YOU KNOW THEY DON'T USE NUDES IN  
THE DAILY OIL BULLETIN . . .



The INDEPENDENT,  
LEADING AUTHORITY on  
CANADIAN OIL AND GAS  
Since October 1, 1937.



Well, doesn't everyone? Read Oilweek, that is.

"That's how come I know so much about the petroleum industry," said federal Minister of Energy, Mines and Resources Jean-Luc Pepin when interviewed on Channel 4 Calgary TV wearing his "I read" button.

Well, maybe he didn't say exactly that.

But he did wear the button. On television.

And he does read Oilweek.

But is that so unusual? Doesn't everyone?

Read Oilweek, that is.

Canada's Most Widely Quoted Oil Authority.  
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"These Press Club  
Barbecues  
get wilder  
every year!"



Don't miss a minute of the fun . . .

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and stay at THE *Palliser*



# DOES THIS LOOK LIKE UFA'S ONLY BUSINESS IS SELLING FARM SUPPLIES AND BULK PETROLEUM?



Far from it! United Farmers of Alberta - even with sales of farm supplies and petroleum totalling \$26 million last year - is engaged in work even more valuable: training farm young people to be leaders in the agricultural community of the future. In the leadership programs which UFA supports at the Banff School of Fine Arts, we're amazed at the inventiveness, techniques and answers that young people come up with. At informal sessions taking place at Goldeye Lake Camp, (above), young adults discuss how they fit in with the community. At Farm Young People's Week, we're behind the scenes as a coach, but the

final product in team effort is the work of youth. And it's youth's enthusiasm that inspires us to this involvement! We consider it a most valuable aspect of our business.



**UNITED FARMERS  
OF ALBERTA**

1119 - 1st STREET S.E., CALGARY 21, ALBERTA



## COMMITTEE GOES ROUND & ROUND

June 27th and high as usual. A merry breakfast held to pick the top ad in the press club's annual insult to the Canadian magazine industry swung under way amid tables piled with ads and maple syrup.

"Figures never lie but liars often figure," genial radio and television and pub personality Don Thomas said, setting the pace and confusing everybody.

Sitting in his seat 600 and whateveritis feet high atop the Husky Tower, genial radio and tv personality Earl Olsen called us to order (flapjacks and coffee with a side of sweet roles, please) and ordered us to read through the sheaf of ads to pick the best of this booklet.

An immediate split appeared as those with clean minds (voting for a nude drawn by a computer) struggled with those with dirty minds (voting for a nude hanging out of a tv set).

Others felt no nudes is good nudes (sorry) and plumped for steers, steak and strumpets, probably figuring that the strumpets will sound and the press club be redeemed.

After adopting the ads as red scraping maple syrup off the copy, the committee proceeded to run round in circles until the Earl of Olson reached a decision to use the Austrian ballot one from column A an dtwo from column B).

The prize for the best ad when to the computer (there's a moral in there somewhere) while RCA came a close second. The best ad having something to do with a tenth anniversary was by Canada Safeway (mainly because of the meek).

## Business Backs 'BB'

As has been the case for the past several years . . . . . local as well as national business establishments have helped considerably in making the Double B a success. The main purpose of the event is of course to have fun "Stampede Style". But, there is another . . . and that is to provide funds for establishment in the not too distant future of permanent quarters for the Calgary Press Club. To this end, those involved are concerned with realizing a profit from the Barbecue . . . . . and the cause is assisted greatly by the generosity of a number of firms.

Our thanks go out to the mall . . . . . such as Burns Foods who donate the beef so essential to the success of any barbecue and to Imperial Tobacco for a substantial cash contribution.

This year's Door prizes are of considerable significance as well. Our thanks to CP Air for two return tickets to Hawaii or San Francisco . . . . . to RCA Victor for a 15 inch TV set . . . . . to Smalleys Radio for a Sony Tape Recorder . . . . . to Pacific Western Airlines for two return tickets to Edmonton . . . . . to GWG for two Western Outfits . . . . . and to CFCN for 6 long playing records.

There are others too, who help in various ways . . . . . and while we are unable to list them all here . . . . . "We than kyou from the bottom of our Stampede Week cowboy boots".



# **RCA is Living Color**



**RCA**  
**COLOR TV**

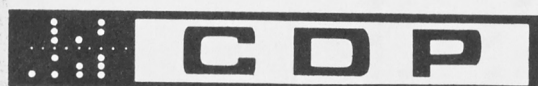
**Always  
abreast  
of the times**

**\*Ask your dealer about our Boob-Tubes**

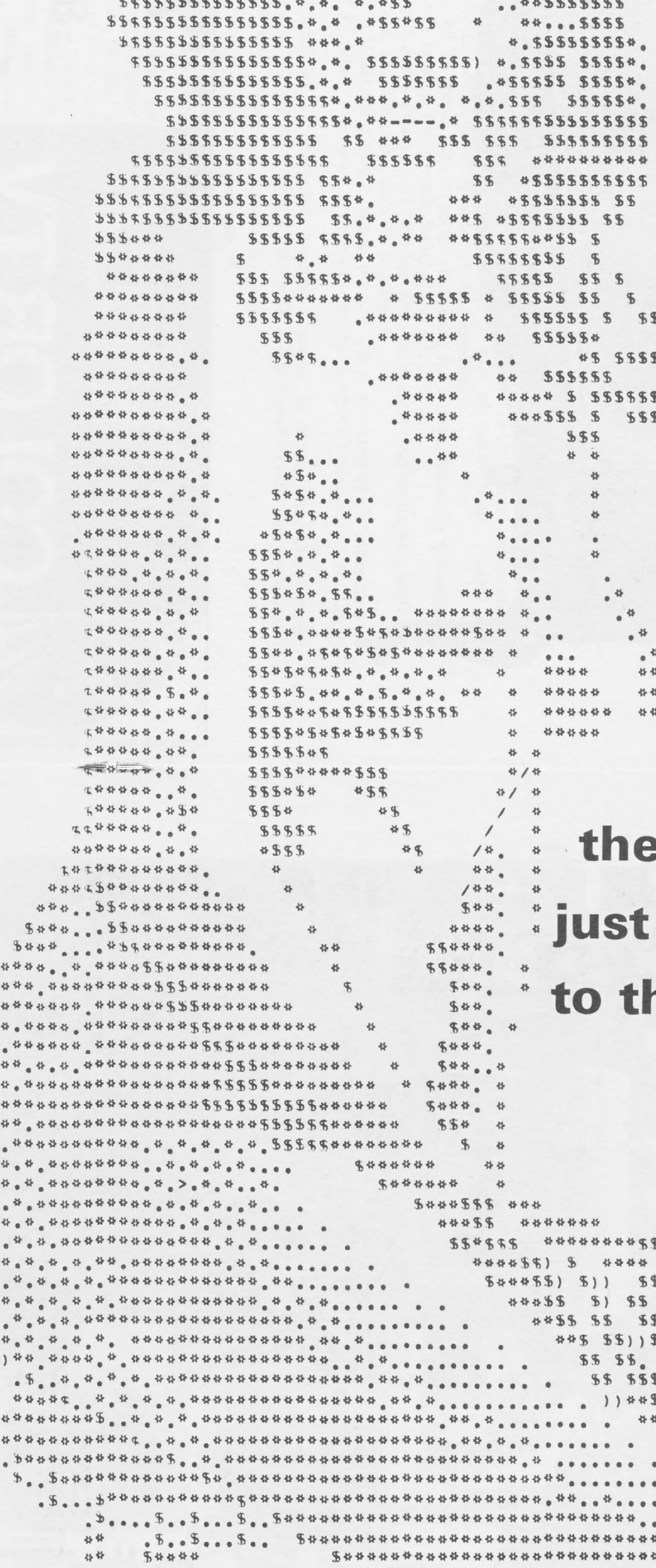




Sketch of nude was "drawn" entirely by computer and is actually a print-out of a digitized photograph reproduced by CDP's control data corporation hardware. Dedicated computer scientists and serious art students may request additional copies free by telephoning CDP's publications co-ordinator, Christine Munkerud. Call 264-7980 and lie to her.



**COMPUTER DATA PROCESSORS LTD.**



**If you want to uncover  
statistical information  
and present figures in  
their most meaningful form,  
just ask CDP to get down  
to the bare facts.**



[illegible]



at  
DUFFOTO  
they  
wear  
a lot  
of  
different  
hats...



LAWRIE  
(Lawrence of Engravia)  
DUFF

and  
they're  
all off to  
the  
DOUBLE 'B'  
BARBEQUE

DESIGN PHOTO ENGRAVING MATS COMMERCIAL COLOR & ADVERTISING  
DUFFOTO  
PROCESS CO. LTD.  
118 FOURTH AVENUE S.W. • 263-7160  
COLOR SEPARATION OFFSET NEGATIVES & PLATES SILKSCREEN PRtg. DISC  
STYLING GLOW COMMERCIAL ARTS  
DUPONT PROCESS METROLOGIE DY

NORA  
(our Swiss Miss)  
FEHR

ED  
(The Outlaw)  
LEE

TED  
(Art for Art's sake)  
RANSHAW

GIL  
FLODBERG

MARILYN  
NICHOLSON

LOU  
KELLOGG

BIRTE:  
(there's nothing like a Dane)  
LAURSEN

LINDA  
(a cookie to stir 'em)  
WYNGAARD

JIM  
(keener than most)  
LOGAN

NORM  
(Klassy pitchers)  
HENDRICKS

DOUG  
HULME

IRV  
(ready-to-serve)  
CROSTON

KELLY  
(Quiet on the set!)  
COX

REINNIE  
(fatherly Overseer)  
BAUER

GLEN  
ACTON

STAN  
(Ready, C.B.!)  
ANTONIUK

BILL  
(Native Guide)  
BRIERLEY

GEOFF  
LAWRENCE

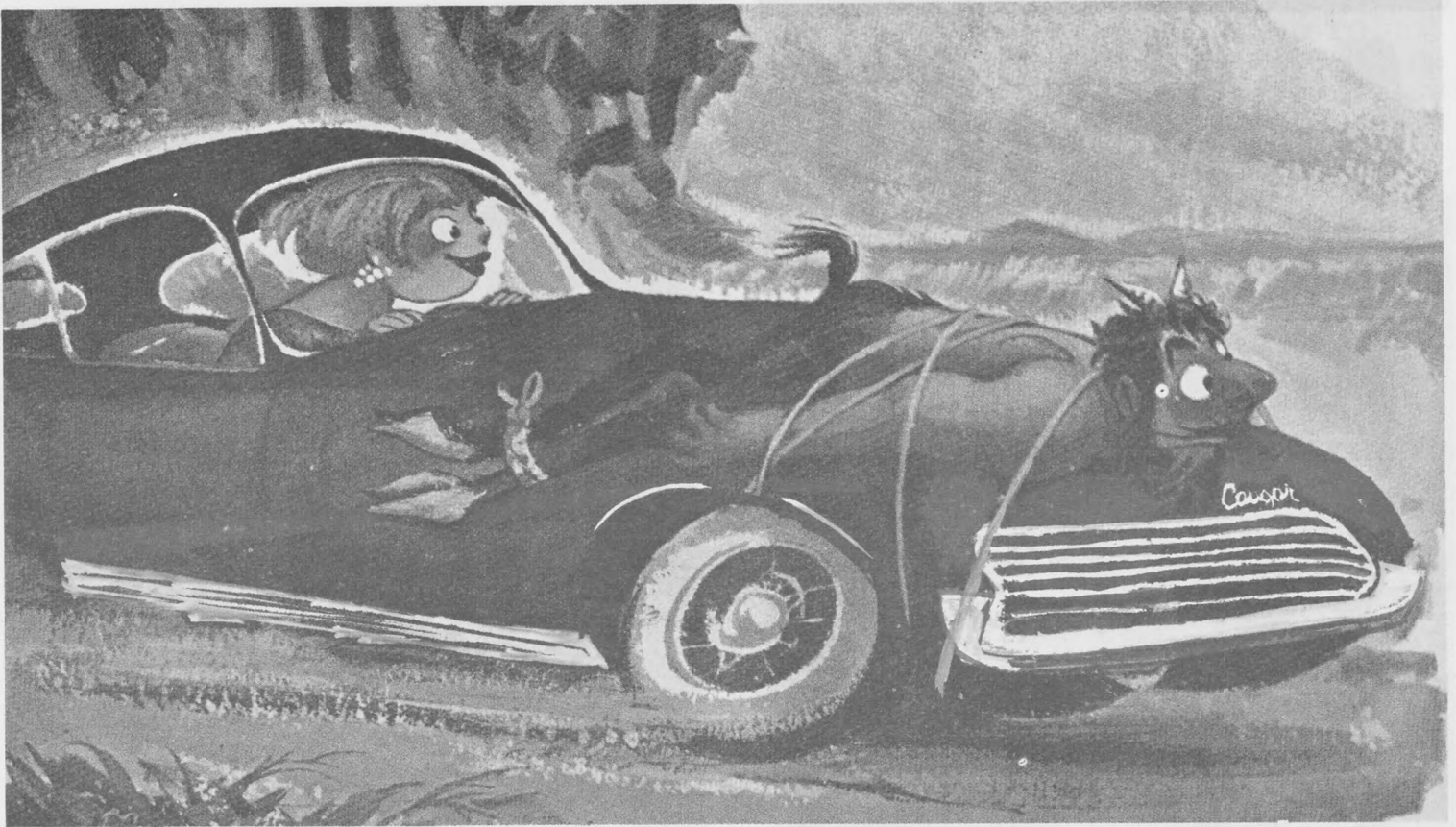
LLOYD  
(Saigon Sam)  
ANDERSON

KEN  
(Snoopy)  
KNIGHT

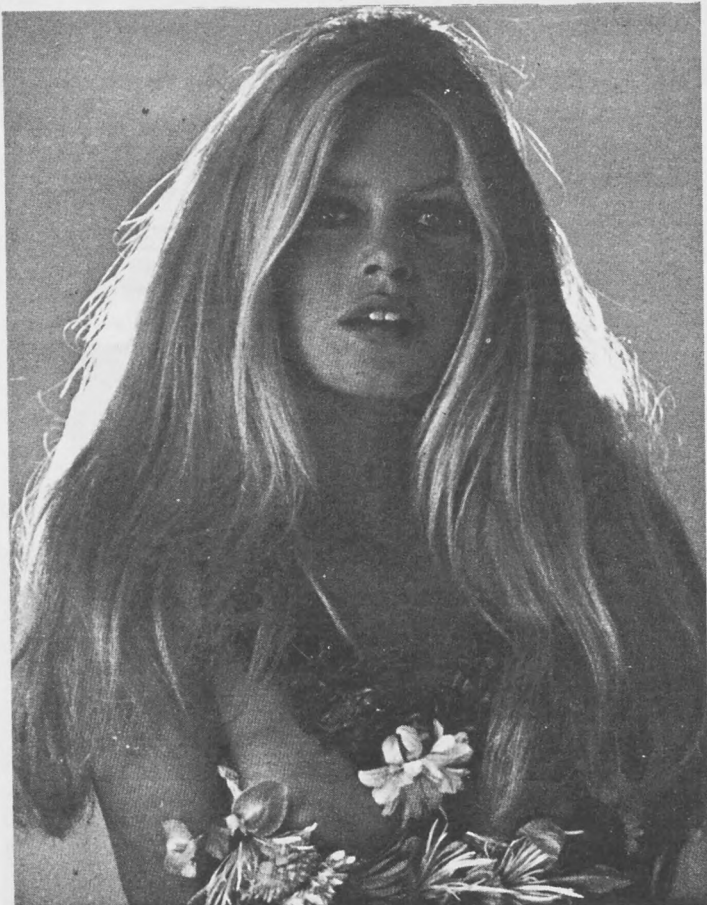
DAVE  
(level-headed)  
JOLLY

RICH  
GORR





*I BAGGED MINE AT...* **UNIVERSAL SALES & SERVICE**  
**CORNER 5TH AVE. 1ST. S.W.**



**YOU'LL LOOK YOUR LOVELIEST**

**WITH FLOWERS  
 FROM . . .**

**Flowerdale**  
**FLORISTS LTD.**  
 1406 - 17th Avenue S.W.

Serving Calgary with Quality Flowers for Over 20 Years  
 SPECIAL RATES ON QUANTITY PURCHASES

**COMPLIMENTS  
 of  
 GENERAL  
 DISTRIBUTORS**

**LTD. 130 9th. Avenue S.W.**

**SONY TRANSISTOR  
 RADIO TAPEREORDERERS  
 SONY MICRO T.V. SETS**

# CANDIED CAPTIONS



"Donno, Duke. I think they call it water."



NO. . .I am no longer premier of this province . . .I am NOT attending the Double B. . .I am NOT sending you a message of congratulations. . .As a private citizen, if you want to know what I really think, you're a bunch of . . .

## THE MISPLACED IDENTITY AWARD TO

Two members of the British rock group, The Who, arrested in New York for assaulting a police officer. Patrolman Daniel Mulhearn was kicked and beaten when he tried to interrupt the show to warn the audience to leave because of a nearby fire.

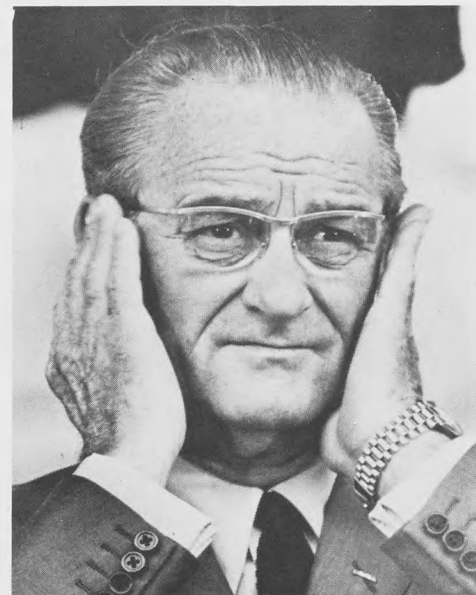
"We mistook the policeman for some kind of heckler," the Who explained in a statement.



"Dick, you can let go now. Dick?"



"Honestly, Heinrich, it's a Roman nose"



. . .If one more idiot fires a gun at this barbeque I'm going back to Texas.





**This is Glenn Bjarnason filling in for Ed Whalen, who has lost his toupee again**



**"Okay, so it's a harp. But are you sure you're an angel."**

#### **THE NAKED APE AWARD TO**

Panaciotis Sinodinos, 37, a Greek who was charged in a Stockholm Court with fathering an illegitimate child. He was charged for support by the mother who described the father as having hair all over his body like a monkey. Sinodinos won his case by stripping in front of the jury to prove he was hairless.



**(JAN) Well, it's been swell having you around Lyndon**

#### **THE PRESS AWARD FOR PRIVATE ENTERPRISE AWARD TO**

Four men and one woman who decided to take the increased postal rates seriously. They were arrested by 12 heavily armed policemen who siezed \$2,000,000 in counterfeit six-cent stamps.



**"And that, gentlemen, is how my new zap gun operates"**

#### **THE INTERNATIONAL SUBLIMATION AWARD TO**

Geoffrey Brown, of England, whose mother kept him on a diet of baby food until he was 35 years old. Brown finally got a square meal—in jail—after he was arrested for burning down buildings.

#### **THE FAST, FAST, RELIEF AWARD TO**

Calor Zaccardelli, of Detroit, who holds the world record for running 440 yards carrying four glasses of champagne. She holds the time of three minutes, 16 seconds.

#### **THE YEAR'S BEST UNDERSTATEMENT**

Goes to Lester Pearson whose cabinet in 1963 authorized building of a national arts centre for an estimated \$9,000,000. The centre, opened in June, ended up costing \$46,400,000. "It just. . .it just got away from us," the former prime minister commented to a friend.



**(June) Gee, Dick, I'd like to come but I hate Washington in summer**

# A ROLE FOR ALL SEASONS!

By NICK B. WILLIAMS  
THE LOS ANGELES TIMES

I suppose the motivation in any profession changes over the decades. Honors or distinction were the goals of most who used to take up the practice of law or medicine, or who became teachers or clergymen or chose military careers.

It was the distinction of being first to tell the public something of importance or major interest that led young men and women to become newspaper reporters or editors—a professional kind of honor, a measure of glamor. They fare more concerned with how their fellow journalists esteemed them than they were with general public recognition or with money. The emphasis was on the scoop—on being first, and on exclusivity.

In this profession, it is still considered nice to be first with the news, and exclusivity is highly prized, as it should be. But the prime motivation now derives from the time in which we live.

The very nature of journalism in this time requires probing study of every enclave in our society—close contact with the communities of industrials and merchants and academicians, with religious leaders and labor leaders, with the militants and the apathetic among the young and the black and the brown, sympathetic inquiry among the poor and sympathetic inquiry among the well-to-do. And, always, the constant scrutiny of those who hold public office, whether they be legislators or congressmen, cabinet secretaries or judges, bureaucrats or governors or mayors.

Few of these enclaves have such frequent or intimate contact with all the other enclaves as journalists learn from these all-encompassing contacts has convinced them, often rightly and perhaps as often wrongly, that they do have a much broader base for their own convictions about what is happening in the world. So it becomes their compulsion to tell all the enclaves in our society, as honestly as such things can be told and with as much documentation as they can get, what each enclave thinks and how it thinks, why they are the way they are—what makes them tick.

The trouble with this compulsion is that each enclave has its own encapsulated opinion of what makes it tick. Each also has its own encapsulated opinion of each of the others. And none of them—black, brown, white young, judicial, elected, bureaucratic, industrial or commercial, academic or religious or professional—none relishes any overview of itself except its own overview. And of all overviews, it dislikes the journalistic overview most, because the journalistic overview of any one of them has been modified by the journalistic overview of all of them.

The journalist sees society in composite, and his view of society's components is indeed modified by his composite view. He sees the individual in relation to society as a whole, and he sees groups of individuals in the same relation. If the journalist remembers that even within each enclave there always are variations in motivation and opinion, and many degrees of variation, his report is far more apt to resemble the whole truth than will be the report of those within the enclave. And while the journalist can expect to be respected, he cannot expect to be loved. For nothing is less popular than the whole truth.

I want to quote from a speech that Otis Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles Times, made last Wednesday at the annual stockholders' meeting of Times

Mirror, of which the Los Angeles Times is a division. It sums up this discussion.

"Our role as a major mass circulation newspaper is a difficult one to fulfill," he pointed out. "For this nation is in the midst of a revolution.

"Our job. . . is to patiently and gently, but honestly, reveal this fact to our nearly million reading families, most of whom do not want to believe what is happening in our society.

"I think the role of our newspaper in such a time of change, is to maintain a posture that will enable it to be an influencing factor in seeking the more perfect city, the more perfect society.

"It seems to me that the core of our problem. . . is to be able to accept the fact that a revolution does exist, that it will not simply whither away, that we must determine how to adjust our institutions and modify our living styles to meet the conditions of the latter half of the 20th century.

"And just that—recognizing the existence of the revolution—will be a traumatic experience for most of us. Traumatic for what is called the 'power structure' or the 'establishment,' traumatic for the very solid middle class which is the real power structure in this community, traumatic for our romanticists and our idealists, even traumatic for those of us on the Times.

"A mass newspaper . . . must remember that the preponderance of its subscribers have a basic interest in preserving the status quo—or they think they have.

"A mass newspaper, then, once it has begun slowly to grasp the dimensions of the problems of its society, can begin slowly to document them—to fulfill one of its primary purposes, which is to educate . . .

"I think this is the most difficult of all our roles—to educate—because more often than not we will be attempting it against the will of our subscribers . . .

"The preponderance of them will not want to believe that anything about 'The System' has become obsolete. The preponderance will insist that most of the black and most of the young are really quite happy with the way things are, and that only the kooks and the racists are objecting, and that even these kooks and racists are doing it solely because they are only troublemakers.

"They will not want to believe that the hearts of our cities—in which most of them do not live after 6 p.m.—have become unliveable and ungovernable.

"They will want us to stop talking about it—stop breeding discontent—stop inciting riots—stop publicizing troublemakers. I hear it every day.

"They will accuse us of destroying respect for the flag, respect for our elected officials, respect for private enterprise, respect for self-respect itself.

"They will find it very hard indeed to believe that we are not determined to destroy a society and a nation that they love.

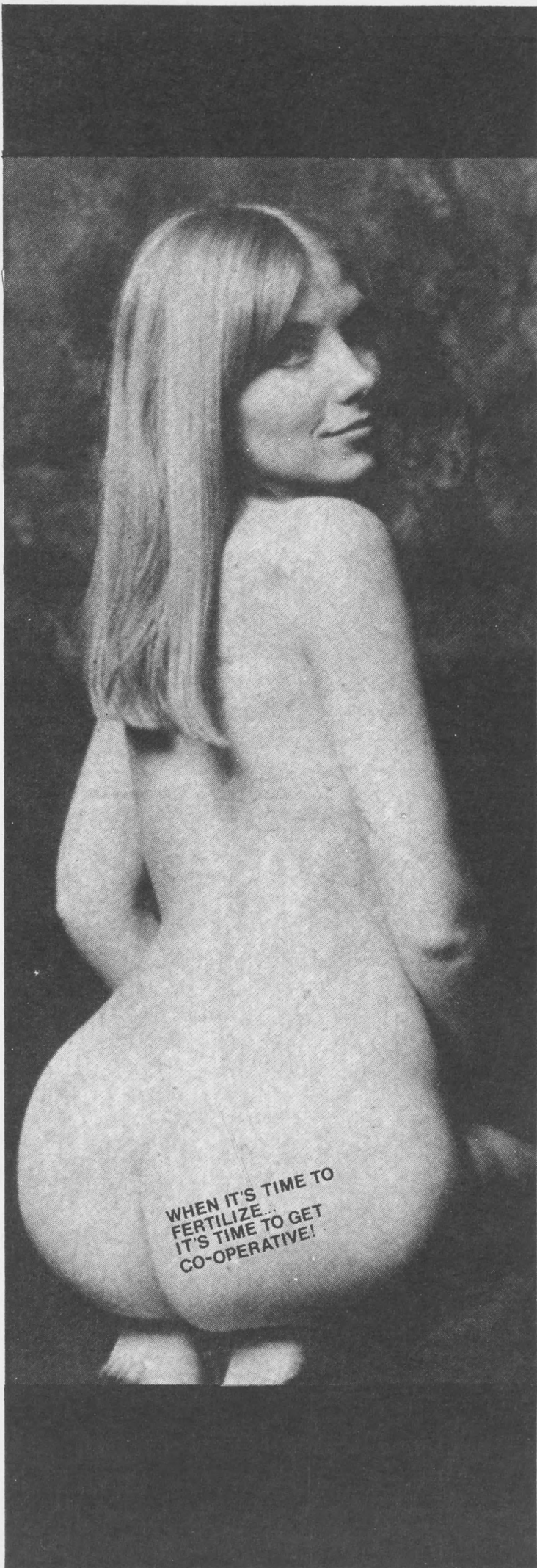
"And to these people—who do not want to believe what we tell them and who accuse us of being destructive—we, . . . as journalists, owe a very great deal.

"In spite of their unhappiness with our society today and their consequent criticism of all the press . . . for reporting this trauma, we still owe them absolute intellectual honesty.

"We cannot overact or underact to their criticism of the press.

"We must continue to tell them it is, painful as it may be to them and to us."





WHEN IT'S TIME TO  
FERTILIZE...  
IT'S TIME TO GET  
CO-OPERATIVE!

**CALGARY  
POWER**  
is working  
towards  
better  
farming  
electrically!

....on problems  
such as this:

Farmers are suffering the worst winter since 1965, and they are worried about their bulls.

He said the full extent of frost damage to testicles will not be known until breeding season.



**CALGARY  
POWER**

# TRAVEL WITH *CPAir* IS A GLOBAL AFFAIR

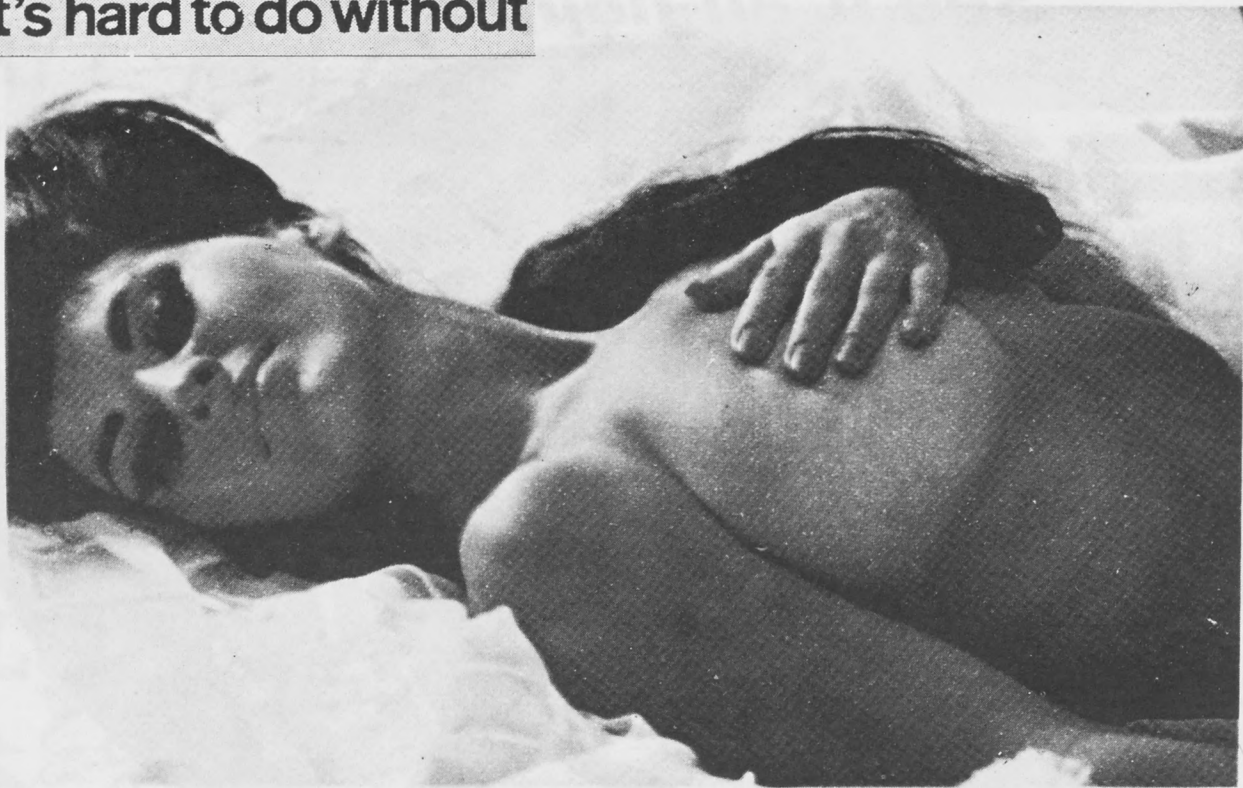


"FOR CALGARIANS, AT THIS TIME OF YEAR, THESE  
ARE CONVENTIONAL SEATING ARRANGEMENTS!"

**CPAir** 

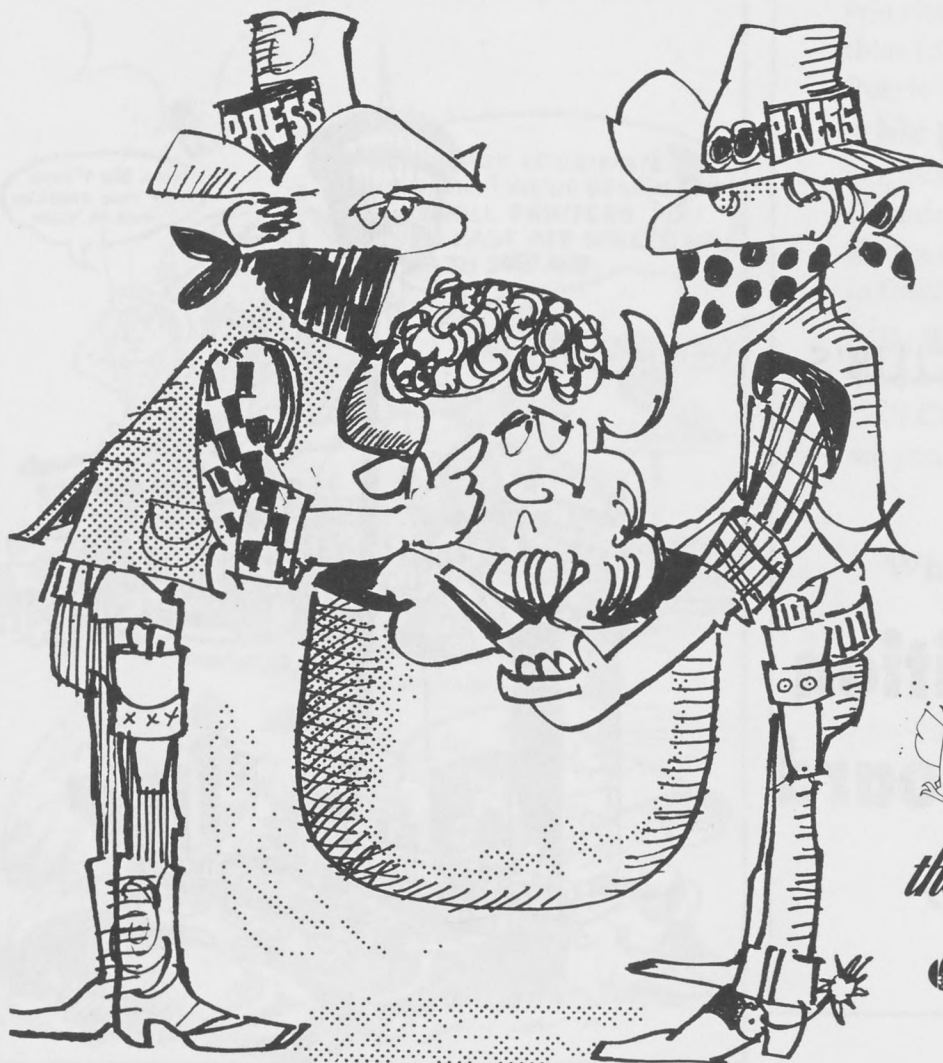


It's hard to do without



# CBR 1010

CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION



*the Calgary Inn*  
has one question:  
**Is the BB beef tainted?**

During the 1968 Stampede, a 3,000 pound stuffed buffalo disappeared from the lobby of the Calgary Inn. This is strange enough in itself. Even stranger is the concurrent (and suspicious) abundance of sawdust in the BB Barbecue steaks. Could there be a connection?



*the Calgary Inn*

 WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

***See it all happen on...***



***EYE WITNESS TO CALGARY EVENTS***

***Best Wishes To***

THE CALGARY PRESS CLUB'S  
1968 DOUBLE B

**Calgary Exhibition  
& Stampede Board**





**DRY ?  
WHY?**

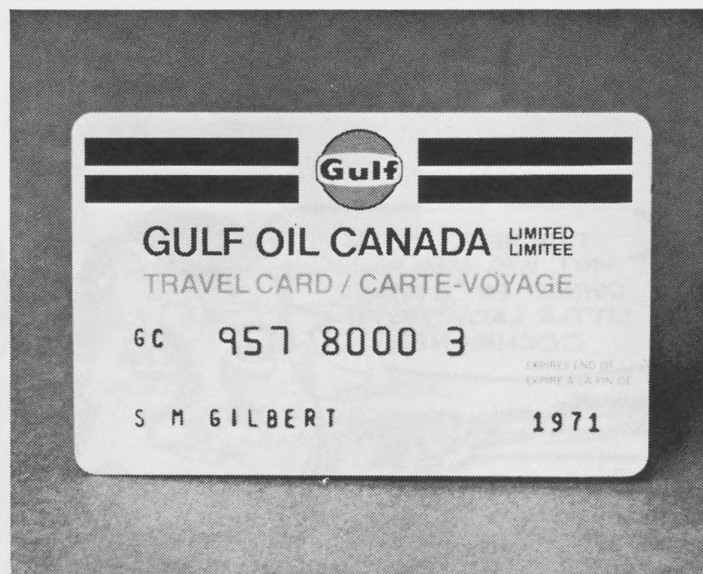


**JOIN THE  
5 O'CLOCK  
CLUB**



MACLEOD TRAIL  
& 19 AVE. S.E.

P.S. Our licensed dining lounge  
Open Sundays



## Supercard.

**Faster** than a speeding bullet, a Gulf dealer will accept a Gulf Canada Travel Card to pay for gas, oil, tires, batteries, accessories, lubrication, even repairs — anywhere in Canada or the U.S.A.

**More powerful** than other oil company credit cards, a Gulf Canada Travel Card lets you charge meals and accommodation at more than 1,000 Holiday Inns in Canada, the U.S., Puerto Rico and The Bahamas.

**Able to leap** into smart looking limousines at a moment's notice. You can use a Gulf Canada Travel Card to rent a car from any Tilden office in Canada, or any Avis office in Canada or the U.S.A.

**Up, up and away.** People going places need a Gulf Canada Travel Card. Ask your Gulf Canada dealer for an application. He'll see you get places — fast.

**What can we do for you today?**



**GULF OIL  
CANADA LIMITED**

VB1019





**THE RAMRODS  
OF THE BIG...**



**KRAMER CHRYSLER  
PLYMOUTH LTD.**



# Harry the Swinger

The story of a man  
and his Volkswagens.



MEET HARRY THE SWINGER.  
WHO LOVED HIS SPORTY  
VOLKSWAGEN.



THEN HARRY GOT MARRIED...



TO A MOTHER-IN-LAW.  
WHO LOVED SENSIBLE CARS.



SO HARRY BOUGHT  
A SENSIBLE VOLKSWAGEN.



THEN ONE DAY UNCLE CHARLIE  
CAME TO DINNER, AND NEVER LEFT.  
HE LIKED Fancier CARS.



SO HARRY BOUGHT  
A Fancier VOLKSWAGEN.



THEN CAME SPOT, MOM'S LAP DOG,  
WHO TOOK UP LOTS OF ROOM.



SO HARRY BOUGHT  
A ROOMIER VOLKSWAGEN.



THEN ONE DAY THE STORK CAME.  
HE DIDN'T LEAVE EITHER.



SO HARRY BOUGHT  
A VOLKSWAGEN BUS.



THEN ONE DAY HARRY WENT TO  
THE STORE. HE NEVER CAME BACK.  
WHERE'S HARRY NOW?



MEET HARRY THE SWINGER.

# Always look to Imperial for the best

- ☐ Wishes
- ☐ Felicitations
- ☐ Congratulations
- ☐ Regards

(Check one or all ✓)

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED





# JUST A PLUG!



WE'RE ALBERTA'S  
No. 1 AUTO INSURER

**CIS**

CO-OPERATIVE INSURANCE SERVICES

I SURE HOPE JOSEPHINE  
REMEMBERED TO PICK UP SOME  
KENTUCKY FRIED  
CHICKEN!



BARNEY'S - TEN LOCATIONS IN CALGARY

**Corby's**  
**EXTRA DRY** LONDON DRY **GIN**

ONE DRY  
DRYER

IN THE NON-SLIP BOTTLE



**ONE**  
*Stampeder*  
SERVICE  
**EYE OPENER**  
**COMING**  
**UP!**



**PACIFIC**  
**WESTERN**  
AIRLINES

**REMARKS A**  
**NEWSPAPER REPORTER**  
**GETS TIRED OF**  
**HEARING...**

By **HAL BOYLE**

NEW YORK AP — Remarks a newspaper reporter gets tired of hearing:

"Hi Scoop, what's new?"

"I suppose you get a free pass to everything."

"I don't mind telling you confidentially, but naturally it's not for publication."

"We need a cute feature for the arrival of spring next week Scoop. How about going and getting an interview with the first robin you see?"

"You must lead an exciting life—going to the best fires and everything like that."

"You don't look very busy, Scoop. How about picking up the phone and taking a three-line obit?"

"Is your editor mad at you? I haven't seen your byline for three whole days."

"Do you have to take subscriptions on your days off?"

"I know you newspaper guys don't print half the stuff you really know."

"Don't breathe a word of it to him, or it'll be all over the front page tomorrow."

"I ain't so mad about you telling the truth about me, but at least you could have spelled my name right."

"Don't just sit there staring at your typewriter, Scoop. Write it—don't fight it. If you can't write it, get out of the game."

**MARRY A BURGLAR**

"I wish I had married a burglar. At least burglars keep regular hours."

"You understand this is strictly off the record."

Take all the time you want to write it, kid. The presses don't have to start rolling for a full two minutes yet."

"Guys who can't make deadlines wind up in breadlines."

"There are other compensations besides money. After all, you can call the mayor by his first name, can't you?"

"I thought that was a real clever piece you had in the paper yesterday, Scoop. But tell me, why did they put it back among the want ads?"

"If I tell you what actually happened, you won't print it, will you?"

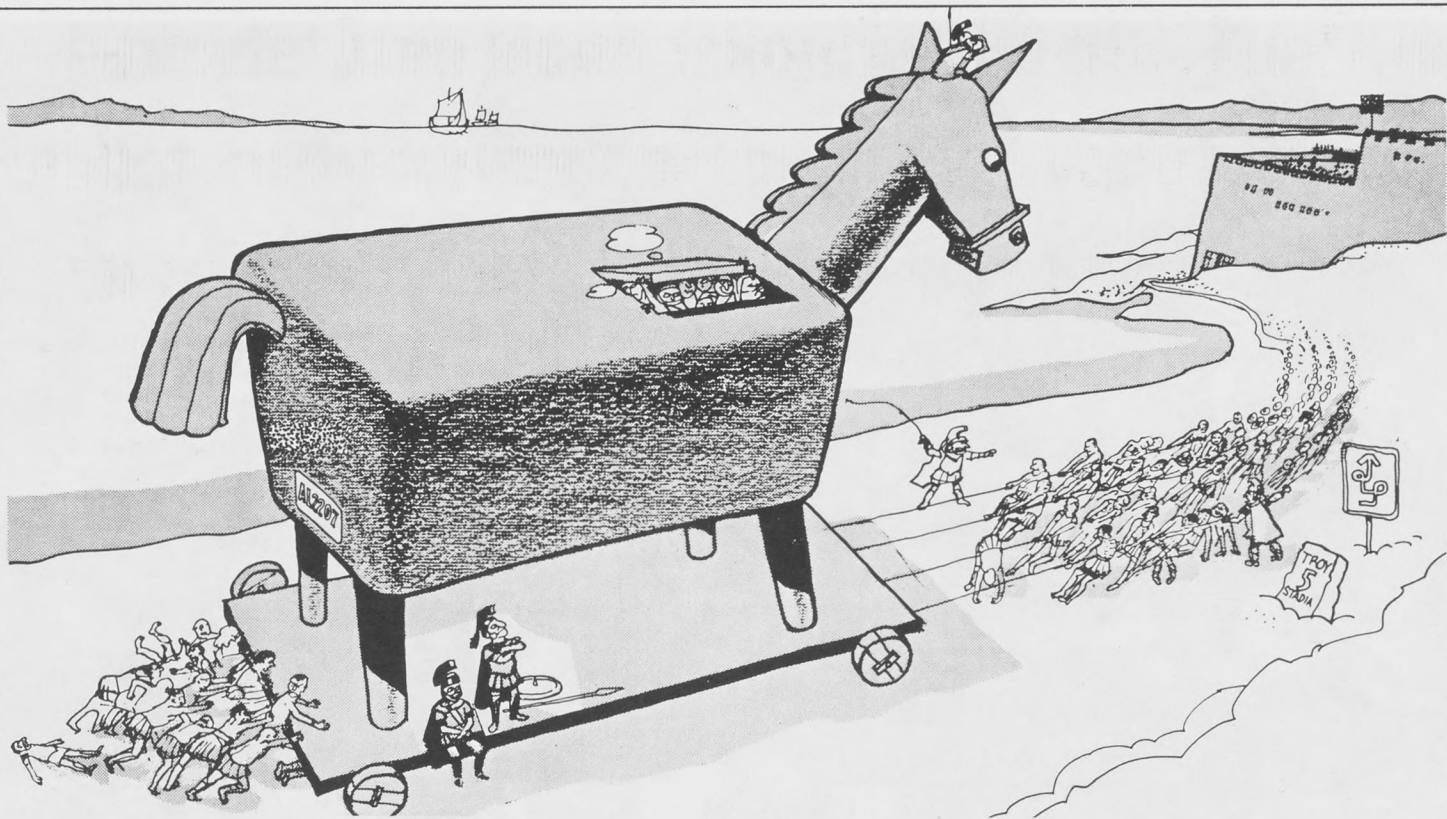
"First you go for the ones with the cameras, see? Then you hit the guys with the press cards in their hats."

"Oh oh, button up here comes Scoop."

"I thought everyone in town knew Scoop. That's him over there—the guy in the worn overcoat."

"Don't be frightened, children. It's only your father—home at last."





We wouldn't all be working like Trojans if they'd built the thing in aluminum  
 Nous ne travaillerions pas tous comme des esclaves s'ils avaient construit ça en aluminium!

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD  
 ALUMINIUM DU CANADA, LTÉE



**DYNAMIC DUO**



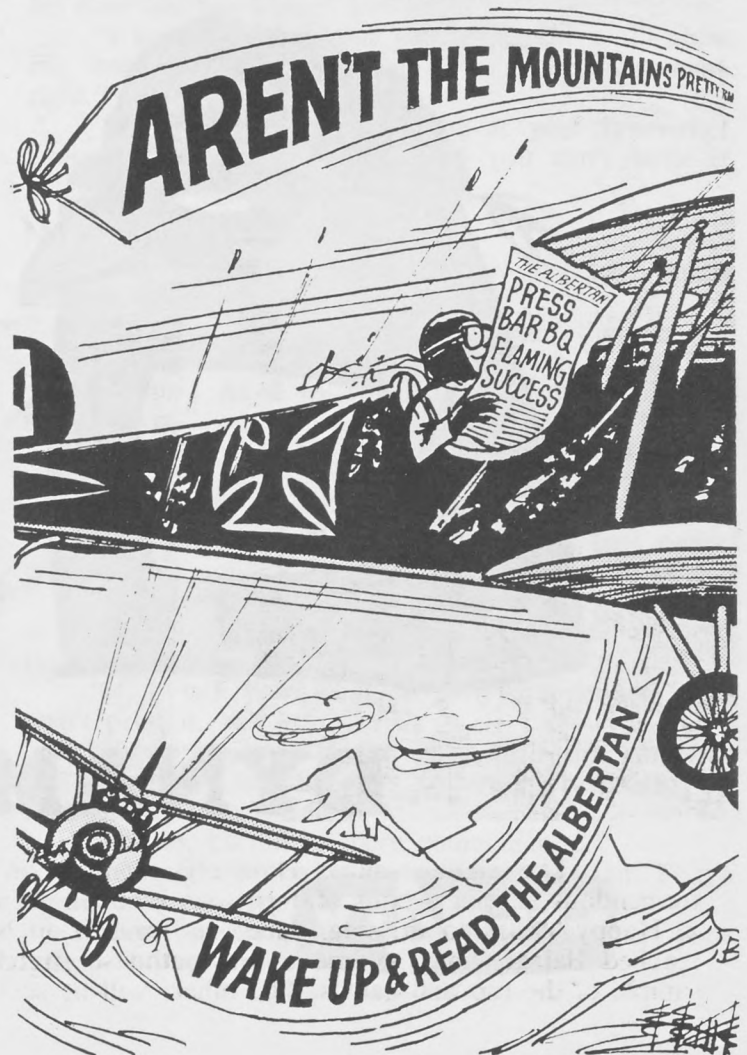


The Winketts directed by Bill Donaldson are the featured dancers annually at the B - B Barbecue.

BEST WISHES FOR A

# Swinging Bar.B.Q

FROM  
A  
PAIR OF  
**P. R.**  
SWINGERS







The eighth annual Double-B, coming on top of everything else (like what?) was naturally a tremendous success. About 600 persons jammed themselves into the confines of the treed and tabled alcove at Happy Valley to sit, sing, dance and munch on beer bottles. Celebrities beat paths to the gate; the noise reached Balzac, and the line to the outhouse stretched to the gates of the city. These pictures show only a sample of the fun and games. The others will be sent, on request and a sawbuck, in a plain brown envelope.



"Whatsha mean I'm HIGH. I'm at thirty-five thousand feet like everyone else, ain't I?"

# AIR CANADA

## WHEN MOSES *CAME TO* CALGARY

By CHARLES LYNCH

"From Spillimacheen up to Bugaboo,  
"The Gallic Red Helicopter flew,  
"What he did up there, we'll never know,  
"But he ploughed the ass off the virgin snow!"  
(Famous last words of song: "The Gallic Red  
Baron of Sussex Street", copyright 1969 by C. Lynch,  
G. Scott, W. Macpherson, P.E. Trudeau. Additional  
verses on request.)

Chorus:

"Ten, twenty, thirty, forty maidens or mo',  
"Spreading the virgins all over the snow.  
"Who in the world could perform such a feat,  
"But the Gallic Red Baron of Sussex Street!"  
Well, we may not know what Mr. Trudeau did  
up at Bugaboo, but we do know what he did when  
he came down.

What he did when he came down was make a  
speech at Calgary.

You remember the time Moses went up the  
mountain and came down with Ten Commandments  
chiselled into his tablets? (You may not have heard  
about it, but it got a helluva press in The East.)

Well, this speech of Trudeau's was something like  
that.

It was, to the dismay of the Calgary faithful who  
had paid \$50 a seat to hear it, a speech about foreign  
policy. (Was it \$100 a seat? Easterners assume Cal-  
garians wouldn't notice.)

Anyway, the big news out of that Calgary speech  
wasn't what he said about foreign policy. It was that  
"he didn't talk about oil."

"HE DIDN'T TALK ABOUT OIL!" said the  
headlines.

"He didn't talk about oil," growled the oilmen,  
threatening to demand their money back.

"What did he talk about?" asked an innocent  
voice from The East.

"A lot of guff about foreign policy," came the  
reply. "Ottawa stuff."

The argument seemed to run that when the Prime  
Minister of All The Canadas speaks in Newfoundland,  
he should talk about codfish; when in Prince Edward  
Island, about potatoes; in New Brunswick, poverty;  
Quebec, pea soup; Ontario, money; Manitoba, wheat  
and wind; Saskatchewan, wheat and potash; Alberta,  
oil and British Columbia, wood.

Other minor subjects like peace and war, the  
future of the nation (if any), should be talked about  
if at all, only in Ottawa.

In his notorious Calgary speech, in which Mr.  
Trudeau failed to talk about oil, what did he talk  
about?

Texts of the speech, smuggled to The East by  
relays of horsemen disguised as telegraph messengers  
(remember them?), revealed that Mr. Trudeau:

Suggested disbanding the armed forces;  
Suggested withdrawing from our alliances;  
Suggested treating Soviet and U.S. missile sub-  
barines equally;

Suggested new global alignments for Canada.

Among other things.

Not a bad haul for a speech, even one composed  
on a mountaintop.

Maybe not up to Moses' standards, but then  
Moses hadn't been busy skiing, and had more time  
to think while he was pounding away with that chisel.

It may not have been fifty bucks' worth of speech  
but it was, by common agreement (everywhere but  
in Alberta) the most significant and the most revealing  
speech Trudeau has made since he became prime  
minister.

I visited Calgary the week after he made that  
speech, and the natives were still fuming.

"Where does he think he gets off," they raged,  
"soaking us \$50 each and then not talking about oil?"

"Is oil all you care about here?" I inquired,  
quaffing a class of another fluid that, I believe, Calgary  
cares very much about, indeed.

"You'd better believe it," came back the reply.  
"If it ain't oil, we don't want to hear about it, we  
don't want to read about it, we don't even want to  
think about it."

I got the feeling, though, that it was that \$50  
a seat that really bugged the oil slickers. So I have  
drawn up a price schedule for the prime minister's  
consideration, in the unlikely event that he ever is  
invited to speak in Calgary again. It runs as follows:

Fifty bucks a seat: Entire speech on oil, contain-  
ing favorable announcement.

Forty bucks a seat: Entire speech on oil, con-  
taining favorable hint.

Thirty bucks a seat: Entire speech on oil, non-  
committal.

Twenty bucks a seat: Entire speech on oil, un-  
favorable hint.

Ten bucks a seat: Entire speech on oil, unfavor-  
able announcement (have jet warmed up at airport  
for quick escape from pursuers.)

Five bucks a seat: Speech on beef.

Three bucks a seat: Speech on wheat.

Two bucks a seat: Speech on damp and tough  
grains.

No admission price: Speech on national unity  
and language policy.

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policy, peace, war, etc.

—30—

### A NEWSPAPERWOMAN'S BABY

The young newshen had no sooner taken her  
seat in the trans-Canada jet and settled her baby  
comfortably beside her when the passenger across  
the aisle from her whistled in astonishment. "That,"  
he remarked, "is without doubt the ugliest baby I've  
ever seen." "Wow," he exclaimed a few minutes later,  
"that has to be the ugliest baby ever born!"

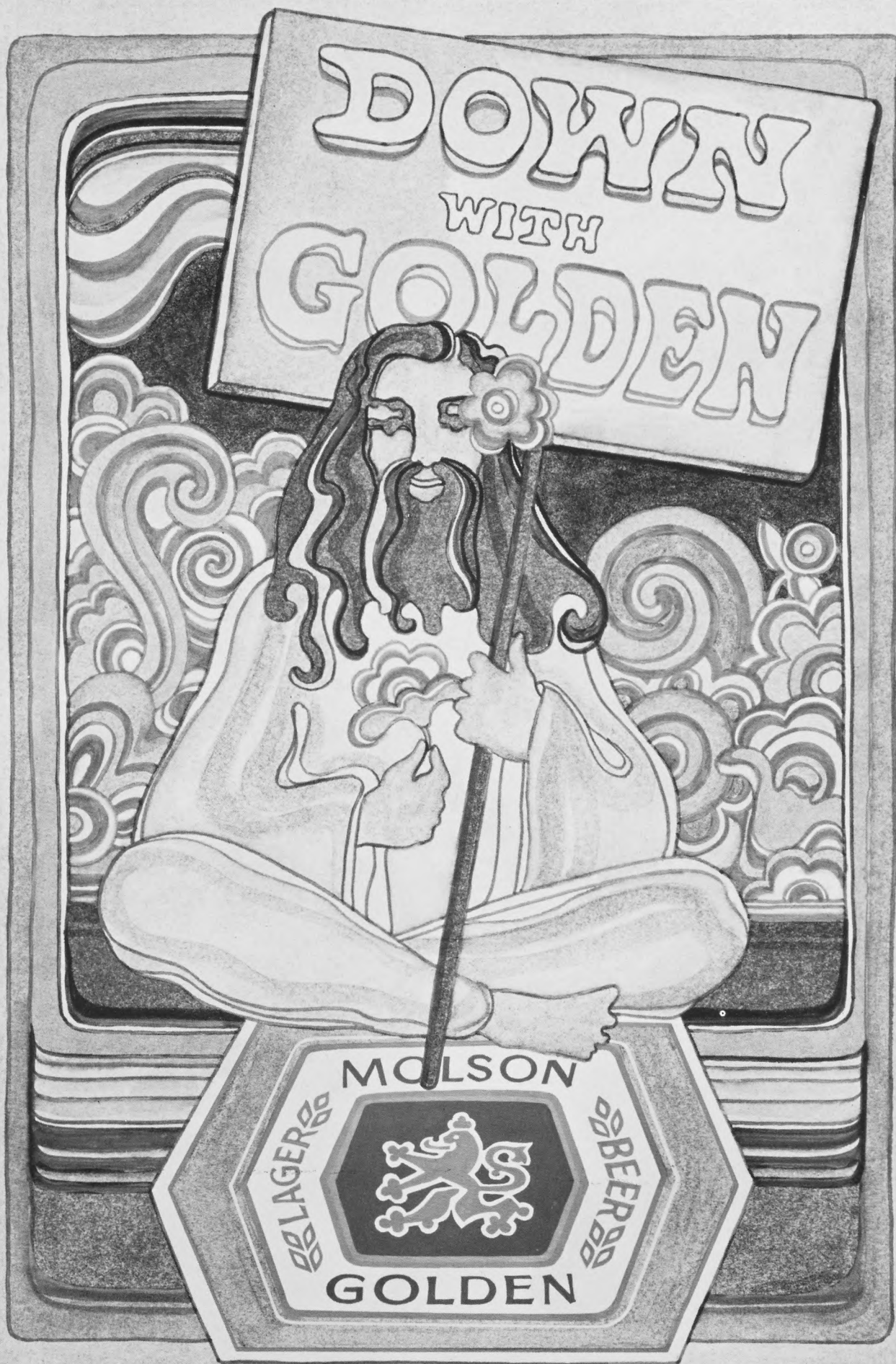
Unable to stand his comments any longer the  
young newshen asked the stewardess if she might  
change her seat.

"Certainly," said the stewardess. Then, when she  
had helped the newshen change her seat she added:  
"And now, would your monkey like a banana?"

—30—

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